

*The History of*

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Mussians where they are peperd: ther's not three of my 150. left aline, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

*Prin.* VVhat standst thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword, Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe, Vnder the houres of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet vnreungd, I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: *Turke Gregory* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percie*, I haue made him sure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee; I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be aline, thou gets not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

*Fal.* I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a City.

*The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.*

*Prin.* VVhat is it a time to iett and dally now?

*He cromes the Bottle at him.*

*Fal.* If *Percy* be aline, Ile pierce him, if he doe come in my way, so: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbenado of mee. I like not such grinning honour as *sir Walter* bath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarum, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earle of VVestmerland.*

*King.* I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bledest too much; *Lord John of Lancaster*, goe you with him.

*P. John* Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiesty make vp, Lest your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*K.* I will doe so: my L. of *VVestmerland*, lead him to his Tent.

*West.* Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

*Prince.* Lead me, my Lord, I doe not need your helpe;

And God forbid a shallow scerach should driue

The

*Henry the Fourth.*

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stayd Nobilitie lies troden on,

And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

*John.* Wee breathe too long, come confin *Westmerland*,

Oar duty this way lies: For Gods sake come.

*Prin.* By God, thou hast deceiu'd me, *Lancaster*,

I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit;

Before, I lou'd thee as a brother *John*,

But now I doe respect thee as my soule.

*King.* I saw him hold *Lord Percy* at the poynt;

With lustier maintenance then I did looke for

Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

*Prin.* O, this Boy lends metall to vs all.

*Doug.* Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,

I am the *Douglas* fatall to all those

That weare those colours on them. What art thou

That counterfeist the person of a King?

*King.* The King himselfe, who *Douglas* grieues at heart,

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,

And not the very King: I haue two Boyes

Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the Field;

But seeing thou fall'st on mee so luckily,

I will assay thee: and defend thy selfe.

*Doug.* I feare, thou art another Counterfeit;

And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:

But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou bee:

And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.*

*Prince.* Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits

Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,

Who neuer promiseth, but hee meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas slayeth.*

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?

*Sir Nicholas Gamsey* hath for succour sent,

And so hath *Clifton*; Ile to *Clifton* strait.

*King.* Stay, and breathe a while,

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Thou